
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

MEMOIR OF MISS BOLTON.

MISS BOLTON is the daughter of a gentleman in the profession of the law;—and, in the early part of her life, her family resided at Stockwell. She was placed under the tuition of a singing-master, who, in the year 1806, acquainted her parents, that she had great musical talents; and, were she disposed to employ them for her advantage, there was no doubt of her being favourably received by the public. In consequence, she determined to exert herself as a private professor; and performed at the Concerts in Hanover-square and at Willis's rooms; where her reception was most flattering. Mr. Lanza, who at this time was her teacher, in September, 1806, informed Miss Bolton that Mr. Harris, the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, had expressed a desire to hear her; and had even appointed a time for the purpose. With great diffidence, she begged to decline the intended favour; and continued to persist, until, by the pressing solicitations of her friends, though contrary to her own wishes, and a preconceived supposition of her entire inability, she at last reluctantly yielded her consent to essay her voice in the theatre. The flattering opinion of

Mr. Harris, confirmed by Mr. Kemble, who arrived in town soon after, succeeded in giving encouragement to her to make the awful attempt of exhibiting her powers in a dramatic representation. Her extreme timidity rendered her first appearance rather unpromising; but, in conforming strictly to nature, and her own feelings, she soon attained progressive improvement and celebrity.

She made her *début* in the arduous character of Polly, in the Beggars' Opera, on Wednesday, October the 8th, 1806; when she was only sixteen years of age. It is asserted, that, previous to this time, she had seen but five plays performed; three in her childhood, and two in the course of the preceding winter; and had never taken a part even in any private representation. The applause with which she was greeted was confirmed by many subsequent representations of the same Opera; by the revival, on her account, of *Love in a Village*, and other Operatic Dramas; in all of which she attracted numerous audiences, and was received with general applause.

This amiable young lady's demeanour, both in public and private, has always been diffident, unobtrusive, and unexceptionable.

From her recent marriage with Lord Thurlow, and the excellence she had attained in her profession, the drama will sustain a severe loss; but the public will be reconciled when they consider that her virtues and merits have obtained for her an honourable reward, in her being called to fill a higher station; and so far from expressing regret, will rejoice in her good fortune, and join us in fervent wishes for her happiness.

Persons of merit draw after them so many envious people, that they should be very economic of their good qualities at their first setting out in life, and bring them into play as little as they can, consistently with the use they ought to make of them.

The Victim of Despair.

(Concluded from page 73.)

AFTER passing six months in every species of anguish and suffering, I learnt from Vienna, that my husband was still languishing in chains, in a subterraneous prison, without sentence. Indolence and misery had reduced me to a dreadful state, when I received a second letter, the superscription of which was in the hand-writing of my unfortunate Theodore. I dared not read it; I feared that it announced his death, and contained his last farewell. After a struggle, I collected sufficient fortitude to read this dreadful paper. I fell on my knees, and returned thanks to heaven. He informed me, that the Emperor would not confirm the sentence of death pronounced upon him; and that he was only condemned to two years imprisonment at Olmutz with the rank and treatment of his former state. He wrote from his new prison; with the governor's permission, he strongly invited me to come and live with him; and promised to send money to defray my expences. For several days, I imagined myself in a dream. The receipt of the money, with a more detailed letter of the happy and unexpected change in our affairs, left no doubt in my mind; and I hastened to meet and embrace a husband whom I never expected to see again.

I had the great satisfaction to discover no remains of that ungovernable passion for drink which had been the cause of all his misfortunes; his mind and faculties shone in all their lustre; and he made friends of almost all the superior officers of the garrison. We led a very pleasant life, compared with the chequered scenes of trouble and anxiety which we had endured since our marriage.

Long before the term of my husband's deliverance, the governor asked to dine with us, on condition that he

might be permitted to bring his dish. We had been treated with extreme politeness; but he had never done us the favour which he reserved for this day. We sat down to table; and our guest was extremely merry. At the desert, a dish was brought, which he requested me to uncover. I found a letter from the Emperor, which he begged me to read aloud; its contents were—

“ Dear General,

“ After the enquiry into the affair of the unfortunate Theodore, now detained in your custody, it has been demonstrated, that his crime was never premeditated; and that he has even been a victim to the artifices of a criminal woman. I am in consequence not only determined to give him his liberty, but to reestablish him in his former state, if you can give an authentic attestation of his irreproachable conduct, since he has been committed to your care; above all, I must be assured, that he is entirely cured of every lurking propensity for the unfortunate vice which has been the cause of all his disasters.”

I could scarcely finish the letter; and suppress my emotions of joy at a return of fortune so unexpected. “ You may think,” said the worthy soldier, “ of the fate that awaits you, since it will actually depend upon the report that I shall make to his majesty.” He left us in a transport more easily conceived than described. The following week, the governor invited us to a grand supper. We attended; and our pleasing expectations were not disappointed. As soon as we appeared in the saloon, which was filled with the most distinguished personages of the town, the general demanded a moment’s silence, and publicly read an order from the Emperor to restore Theodore ——— to liberty, and conferring upon him the place of Intendant of the Forests, &c. of Lower Moravia. We received general congratulations; and the next day, by a particular favour of the sovereign, the governor remitted us the first quarter’s payment of the appointments that he had granted my husband.

We immediately departed for Brinn. The spring reigned in all its charms; and made us feel more sensibly the enjoyment of liberty. During our first day's journey, my husband was unusually jocund; and at night would not quit the table till he was completely inebriated. Judge of my terror, my sorrow, at the re-appearance of a vice which I flattered myself had been long since eradicated. I passed the night in tears; and the next morning, I represented to him the terrible and inevitable consequences of his unfortunate propensity. I reminded him of the Emperor's letter, which required, before he had his liberty, that his cure should be complete. He appeared deeply affected at my remonstrances; and repeated oaths which he had so often violated. When I saw a glass in his hands, I could not help trembling.

The marks of respect with which we were received at Brinn was well calculated to efface the remembrance of all our former misfortunes. The talent and industry displayed by my husband in the office entrusted to him, procured him the suffrages of the province and even the court. My heart overflowed with a pure and unknown pleasure. This felicity had lasted a year, when I began to discover that a taste for wine gradually regained its empire over any unfortunate husband. In a moment of inebriety, he had horribly ill used one of his subalterns, a young man of good family, and endowed with eminent personal merit. A short time after, it was reported that in the day he was intoxicated to excess, and followed by the whootings of the populace. All my courage forsook me; I foresaw our certain ruin. Soon after, an order was received from court, that cashiered my unfortunate husband, and declared him incapable of holding any employ in the hereditary states.

We were obliged to fly from a country in which we had henceforth nothing to expect but opprobrium. We arrived here with a little money, saved from the wreck of our resources. I sought for work; the mode was

changed ; my embroidery was admired ; but no one would promote its sale. My husband, at first, appeared to support this new calamity with fortitude ; he was sober, and temperate ; but one evening, he entered again in the most frightful state of inebriety ; and said to me coldly the next day, that he could not in any other way endure his existence. We were soon absolutely without bread. He resolved, in despair, to go into the streets, and upon the highways, to implore the pity of passers ; and, would you believe it ? he rarely failed to immediately consume at a tavern the money which would have fed his wife and children. You saw him yester-evening ; yet to-day this very man has sent me to throw myself at the feet of his generous benefactor, who has saved us from the horrors of famine. He has expressly charged me to ask you, if you can condemn, without commiseration, the father and the husband, too much to be pitied, who flies to the only remedy capable of suspending, or relieving, for a few moments, the sentiment of his profound misery ; who is drawn, as by magic, to a relief that delights his imagination with a beggar transformed to a king ; his rags to magnificent vestments ; his pewter goblet to a superb golden cup !”

She ceased ; and looked at me in a manner I cannot describe. I never so fervently desired to possess riches as at this instant ! She saw my emotion, and withdrew, saying—“ I am convinced you will do what you can for us ; I see it ; may heaven bless your efforts !”

My own resources were insufficient to save this unfortunate family from destruction ; I therefore considered who, among my friends, were most likely to serve them ; and founded almost all my hopes upon him who had confided to my care the box, mislaid by the unfortunate man whom I wished to serve. I went to this friend, who exclaimed against the bare mention of my *protégée* ; I nevertheless prevailed upon him to listen to the recital I had just heard ; and remarked that he was far from being insensible to it. He was fully occupied with a new manufactory

of printed linen, which he had just established, and promised immediately to employ the wife and children. I represented to him in vain the great utility which the father could be of in designs for copper-plates; but he obstinately refused to take him into his service. A few days after, I attended him to know when he wished me to bring the wife and children: he gave me an evasive answer which filled me with grief. I then went to the abode of the sorrowful family to give them such assistance as should enable them to wait the accomplishment of my friend's promises. I knocked a long time, and was astonished at not seeing the door of their small habitation open. A servant in the neighbourhood told me, that the vile drunkard and his family had disappeared in the night; and, no doubt, were gone to do some bad act in the country.

I retired still more afflicted than surprised. I imagined I saw in all this fresh falsehood, fresh deception. I met my friend and his wife, who proposed a walk in their garden out of town, near their manufactory. I walked reluctantly; in despite of myself, I was visibly out of temper. We arrived at the manufactory; we surveyed the work-rooms; I was not interested in any thing. Suddenly some one took my hand, I saw a little boy, who cried out with joy; this was the lovely little Fritz! I returned; and all the family surrounded me;—tears and inarticulate words from the parents bespoke their excess of gratitude. My feelings towards my worthy friend were not less lively; I fell into his arms. The more to surprise me, he had induced our *protégées* to leave their dwelling in the night-time.

He detailed to me the measures that he had taken, as well to employ all this interesting family in a manner useful to himself as to prevent the father dissipating in debauch the fruit of his labour. The rest of the day was passed in the most consoling considerations of the happy and unexpected change which had taken place in the

destiny of beings so long persecuted by misfortune. For my part, I frequently said—"Oh! If the having merely contributed to a benefit gives such sweet enjoyment, what must be the gratification of the benefactor himself!"

The conduct of poor Theodore completely justified the goodness of my sensible friend. He was active, industrious, and always sober. For two years, the manufactory had increased under his direction; his master left him the entire management of the business; and often thanked me for the present I had made him.


Is there any stability in human affairs? Theodore loved all his children, but particularly the eldest, the amiable and witty little Fritz, who already discovered a wonderful propensity for drawing and painting.

The poor boy fell ill; and died. His father did not shed a tear; but we saw that he was deeply affected. The next day, he did not work; and the day following he entered the house intoxicated. It were useless to detail all the means resorted to by my friend, his wife, and that of the unfortunate, to dissuade him from a relapse of his former inveterate vice. All their efforts were vain; he yielded himself without reserve to his sad taste, and to melancholy. His health could not withstand two such powerful causes of destruction; he fell into a horrible state of consumption, and died in a few months.

His unfortunate and constant wife remained at my friend's as housekeeper, or rather as friend; and soon followed her husband to the grave.

The children received the best education; they have all genteel occupations; and never think but with sorrow of the misfortunes of the authors of their existence.

Reader, deign to reflect an instant.—See how suddenly a passion is kindled in the breast of man!—what ravages it produces there!—what trouble it costs to check, and extinguish! and say—"Let him who feels himself exempt from sin, cast the first stone."



THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXVII.

“ And catch the manners living as they rise.” POPE.

THE late and alarming inroad of a taste for all the higher luxuries of life is a great evil to the middle classes of society; it has a serious effect on the energies of man, and makes him turn with distaste from his joint of meat, his pudding, and pint of wine, because he cannot ask his friend to share so homely a meal, without exposing his poverty. To rival the living of others cannot always be done with due attention to honourable feeling; for the consequences too often are the desertion of wives and offspring; leaving widows in penury; sons to the snares of vice, and daughters to disgrace and infamy. “ Every body does so and so” seems entirely to precede “ but does not such a one live beyond his income.”

Did superb entertainments always stimulate the powers of man to rational enjoyment, did real wit only circulate when the table was loaded to repletion, some excuse might be made for this silly and inordinate desire; or if the piquancy of the jest were increased according to the dearth, or scarcity, of the wine, why then let us, in the name of Bacchus, teach our friends “ to drink deeper ere they depart;” let us, indeed, enjoy that feast of reason and that flow of soul which, without satiety, shall make us of clearer intellect. Alas! this is not the case; a taste for expence which leads to irregularity does not increase our enjoyment; for I have seen a *choice spirit* lay speechless under a table; and had my head broken *among the Sons of Harmony*. A side-board, groaning under the weight of massy plate, may excite envy; and the flavour of claret may prevent the port-drinker from returning to his humbler beverage with satisfaction; but cannot conduce to generous feelings. The trite and silly

apothegm, "That we must do like the rest of the world," has been the ruin of thousands ; and is as ridiculous as it is nonsensical. There are many of us who have enjoyed more rational pleasure over a beef-steak and a glass than all the luxuries of a Dives revelling in tokay and venison, where the tongue is suspended by each fresh coming dish ; and where no other language is heard than the vocabulary of the cookery-book.

The fair sex, to whom I now more particularly address myself, join the foible of rivalry in as great a degree as the other sex. The prudent wife will rail at her husband for taking an extra glass of wine ; she will deprecate the expence which any of his hobby-horse fancies may lead him into ; but she will not hesitate to purchase a lace cap, or other favourite article of dress, which may cost him half the price of his cellar ; and her attire, and that of her children, must be extravagantly expensive, in order to be superior to some Mrs. Grundy of the place.

Where is the man bold enough to stem this too predominant taste for expence ? Where is the woman who will sit down contented by her own fireside without making, or wishing to make, an ostentatious and ridiculous display of finery. Evil beshrew the man that dares hint at domestic economy to the wife of his bosom ; sighs, tears, and hysterics, must ever be his portion. If perchance a family possess sense enough to prefer their own comfort, and care not for the censure of a meddling world, they are opprobriously stigmatized with meanness, because, forsooth, they will not sacrifice their real happiness to the gratification and caprice of false friends. A taste for expence is the cause of so many hardy and enterprising speculations, which involve whole families in ruin. What prevents a man from gaining an independance by the slow, yet sure means, resorted to by his ancestors, but that it would check his opportunity of rising suddenly in the world ; and rivalling his more prudent, or more affluent neighbour ?

I was led into these reflections from what occurred a few evenings since, when I received a verbal invitation to dine with an old friend of my father; who was once better employed than giving a good dinner. I was rather surprised that he should ask me for so late an hour as five; but concluding, he had arranged his affairs so that he might not be interrupted by business in the enjoyment of my company, I was easily reconciled to the lateness of the hour. I proceeded in good time to St. Martin's Lane; but was told by a snug shopman, that his master now lived in a house by one of the New Squares. I immediately hired a hackney-coach for this new place of residence, fearful of annoying the family by keeping the mutton waiting. Arrived at his residence, a little awkward boy, with a red collar, opened the door. I was not shewn into a little back parlour, as in St. Martin's Lane, but into a drawing-room, on which a splendid carpet seemed to dread the pollution of my dusty boots; and, on entering, was introduced to a *cut and dried* party; to Mr. and Mrs. Lobman, the two Miss Timms, Mr. Common Councilman Bulk, and "a Mr. *Somebody*, of a swelling appearance, who, it was reported, had large property in the funds, (acquired and left to him by a kind and over-indulgent father, of obscure birth, in a fortunate situation under government), from which he derived ALL his consequence; for he was too indolent to become master of the acquirements necessary for a gentleman, and rendered himself ridiculous by his arrogance and vanity in attempting what he was totally unequal to, and in laying claim to a character to which he had no pretensions." After having my hands griped with Herculean strength by nearly the whole of the party, I was allowed to sit down, to squeeze in my legs, incased in recreant boots, in order to avoid the quizzing of two young haberdashers, whose names I had recollected in large letters as selling on the same terms as Flint. Hungry, and tired of all this *ill-mannered* politeness, I anxiously waited for dinner; but Crambo, the drysalter,

and *suite*, had not yet arrived, and these I understood were the big wigs of the party. Reviving the order of the Chesterfield system, fourteen persons were kept waiting for four, until at six the expected grandees arrived, and after numerous ridiculous ceremonies, we descended to the dinner parlour. Here all was bustle, vulgarity, and confusion; the dinner was too large for the establishment, the company too many for the room. My host and hostess had not improved so fast in education and politeness as they had in ostentation; and I am very much mistaken if sometimes, by the colouring of their cheeks, as they blushed for each other's mistakes, if they did not wish themselves once more in the little back parlour at St. Martin's Lane. At twelve I left my party for cards and a *little music*; and a few mornings after, I saw my friend's name in the list of bankrupts, who, but a year since, I would have trusted with the whole of my property.

C.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

LEARNED SIR,

I AM a Gentleman Author; that is to say, I have a great deal of money, and much leisure; I therefore write for my amusement, and look for no other recompence than literary fame. From causes which I am about to disclose, I am fearful that I shall not attain the objects of my desires; for I have the mortification to learn, the more I compose the less are my productions read. The fact is, Mr. Gossiper, that my zeal to secure celebrity exceeds my capability of obtaining it. My prospects in life being somewhat brilliant, my schoolmaster, old Spintext, had too much an eye to his own interest to use the birch with proper effect. In other words, the rod was

spared, and pupil spoiled. The rudiments of science were, therefore, not well implanted in me; I got a smattering of learning, and nothing more: my writings, it is said, in consequence present a transcript of my mind; I trifle without being witty; argue without the powers of reasoning; and when I attempt to be sublime, am excessively dull.

With this confession of my talents, I offer myself as a Correspondent to your paper. As my imagination, I conceive, is uncommonly fertile, particularly over a bottle, if I meet with encouragement, you will find me an acquisition; for, I assure you, I can spin out a Tale surprisingly; with some industry glean sufficient matter for a Gossiper, and pick up, in my *têtes-à-têtes* at the play-house, materials enough for a Biographical Sketch.

All that I require of you, Sir, is to correct my contributions; to arrange my thoughts; and improve my style; to adjust my orthography, when I am caught tripping; to add pungency to what is insipid; and vigour to what is jejune;—in short, so to revise, curtail, enliven, and amplify my performances as to render them fit for the public eye; and with much good nature, after you have thus rid my effusions of all absurdities, and grammatical inaccuracies, to let me enjoy, without reserve, the full benefit of all your industry and acquirements. Should you, Sir, be disposed to accept my services upon these conditions, I will send you a few *folio* sheets, containing my ideas on a variety of subjects, put together, in my usual manner, without method, or reflection.

I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

C. Careless.

P. S. If you *touch* up my pieces to my liking, and procure me a name in the world as an Author, upon further acquaintance, you and I may eat a bit of mutton together.
Verbum sat.

THE GOSSIPER.---No. XXXVIII.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. GOSSIPER,

In one of my deep reveries, for you must know I am a reflecting man, and what is commonly called *a man of few words*; I was conceiving the idea of bringing the whole of your motley group of contributors together. I had scarcely considered whether it must be "a feast of the Gods," or merely an evening's chat over a tea-table (i. e. tea and turn-out), that could make them all appear in persons to the different characters and appellations they assume, when (I know not whether it proceeded from my having over-exercised my favourite hobby-horse, fancy, or not, but) I fell into a profound slumber. And surely it must have been the powerful spell of some wizard incantation, for no sooner had "Somnus" seized my slumbering faculties, than I found myself transported into the midst of the very assembly I had so lately been arranging in my fanciful imagination.

As it is most likely you never had so good a view of your numerous correspondents, even in idea; I will endeavour to describe to you what most struck my attention at this sudden interview. I must confess, that I conceived myself honoured by being included in this "review of wit;" for, I assure you, the company were of a class greatly beyond what are generally termed "garreteers." I found them parading, and conversing, in various groups; and was surprised by a buckish young spark, dressed in the extreme of fashion (who, by the by, had been whispering some soft things in the ears of some ladies), coming and shaking me most cordially by the hand. I returned the salute, as well as the confusion which so unexpected a circumstance allowed me. After he was gone, I enquired

of a person who was gazing around him with some degree of scrutiny and concern (whose name I discovered was Truth, and to whom I was indebted for a knowledge of the company present), who it was that had just spoken to me. He informed me that it was no less a personage than *yourself*. I was startled at this intelligence, and was again on the point of enquiring what Devil had been metamorphosing you from the fat, squabbed, old gentleman, which you described yourself to be at the commencement of your work,—when my attention was arrested by a blustering Son of Mars, whose words, uttered with stentorian lungs, and composed of oaths and imprecations, most powerfully assailed the ears of those around him. I felt astonished at seeing such a person there; but my surprise was much greater upon being informed, that he was your principal “Moral and Religious Essay” writer. I looked at my informant with an air, perhaps, bordering somewhat upon incredulity; but without noticing it, he continued pointing out the various characters which were now conversing near us: that decrepit old man, said he, with a wooden leg, imposes himself upon the world under the title of “a dancing master;” whilst that poor emaciated being, just lingering in the last stage of a consumption, assumes in his writing the careless levity of a rake and debauchee; that gay young citizen, he added, wrote “the blessings of his old age,” and “the comforts of his chimney corner,” one morning in bed, after the preceding evening’s intoxication; and that sprightly young lass is known to you as “the scurrilous old maiden of seventy.” I now thought that every *phiz* I met was a *Proteus*; and although Lavater could read the mind in the countenance, I was satisfied that old Belzebub himself could not guess at their writings from the same index. Here was the cold philosopher, whose works consisted only of love, sonnets, and odes, and the professed libertine, who amuses himself with writing letters on prudence and self-forbearance; the gamester, who moralizes on paper on

domestic economy; and the crabbed old bachelor, who informs the world of the superior manner in which he manages his wife and family. My reflections were checked by Truth's again calling my attention to the objects more immediately before me. One man was exclaiming most violently against Religion: I looked at him attentively. Surely, I exclaimed, I am a stranger to his principles; a shake of the head from my communicative friend, convinced me that I was wrong; but he informed me at the same time, that he appeared under the signature of "Orthodox;" and indeed his writings were strictly so. Another, who was employing the whole force of his eloquence against Governments and Royalty, I found was a patriotic writer in a daily journal.

Upon your again approaching, I heard my intelligent companion whisper *my* name in your ear; and in stretching out my neck to catch the purport of his communication, I—overbalanced my old elbow chair in which I was sitting, and unfortunately measured my circumference on the ground. On recovering myself, the smoky walls of my room again greeted my sight, and a few rickety old chairs assumed the places of the gay assembly. Hitherto I have been detailing the labours of my fancy; but I wish I could trace the impressions the fall has left in my old bones to the same source.

Your's, at command,

TOBIAS THOUGHTFUL.

BON MOT OF FONTENELLE.

All the sciences (observed this eminent scholar) have their weak sides. Geometry attempts to square the circle; natural history endeavours to find out perpetual motion; chymistry hunts after the philosopher's stone, and the moral writer investigates good actions, devoid of self-interest. Nevertheless it is useful to indulge in these reveries, because in pursuit of them we may find many practical truths, of which we were not aware.

*JANETTA OSBORN;*AN INSTANCE OF NEGRO BENEVOLENCE.

HER father's imperious mandate had decreed for the beautiful Janetta Osborn an union with Mr. Nelson, a gentleman several years the senior of her maternal grand-sire. Supplications and tears were unavailing, nor did the victim of ambition dare to intimate her reluctance to a generous admirer, who, could he penetrate her real sentiments, would have withdrawn his pretensions without involving her under the displeasure of her inexorable parent. How many calamities do frail mortals create to themselves by deviations from the plain path of sincerity and rectitude. Had Janetta possessed ingenuous strength of mind to disdain duplicity with her lover, had she counteracted a sudden attachment by the sacred dictates of filial duty, and had Mr. Osborn preferred the happiness of his child to her aggrandizement, what dire catastrophes might have been prevented! Janetta's feigned complacency, aided by self-love, concealed from Mr. Nelson, that a countenance, however illumined by the noblest dispositions and faculties of a cultivated mind, if marked by the depredations of time, will seldom charm the fancy of a romantic girl. Preparations for the hymeneal festivities were conducted with splendor suitable to the opulence of the bridegroom; but on the bridal morn, he received an apology for the deception Janetta had been constrained to practise; and to escape from that entanglement, she had accepted the hand of a young West Indian, just on his passage to his native isle. Mr. Nelson, in the first transport of indignation and disappointment, hurried to Mr. Osborn, whom he found with a few friends who had come to witness the nuptial ceremony; and now ineffectually endeavoured to calm his rage for the disappearance of his daughter. Mr. Nelson, inflamed by

his haughty demeanour, reproached him with cruelty to Janetta, and imposition towards himself. Mr. Osborne retorted with acrimony. The altercation proceeded so violently, that all the palliations attempted by the auditors could not prevail against an appeal to the sanguinary laws of honor. Mr. Osborn received a wound in the first fire; but he maintained his ground; and Mr. Nelson fell. He expired almost instantly. Mr. Osborn survived five days, and cut off from all share in his heritage the unhappy cause of the tragical events. She had embarked for the West Indies the evening after writing to Mr. Nelson. She believed Mr. Duffy to be the legal heir of an affluent fortune, nor ever suspected the olive tinge of his complexion, originating in his nativity in a tropical climate, to be a prototype of his heart. Now, agonizing her astonishment to find, on reaching the island of Nevis, that her husband was the illegitimate offspring of a Mustee woman, that his father had died intestate three weeks before their arrival, that his cousin, as heir-at-law, had seized all his possessions, and had engaged his late housekeeper still to preside in the family. This housekeeper expressed the most gross and intemperate wrath for her son's unadvised marriage; and her fury was artfully fomented by the new master of Sunny Hill. Young Mr. Duffy's pride and imprudence forbade all conciliation. He led his weeping wife back to the shipping station at Indian Castle. His nurse had heard of his landing; and, hastening to see him, intercepted him near the harbour, which lay in the vicinity of her habitation. His father had emancipated her, her husband, and only child. Their honest diligence had earned some property. Janetta thankfully agreed to lodge with them, until Mr. Duffy should procure a dwelling for himself. Overwhelmed by the occurrences of the day, after swallowing a cup of coffee, she threw herself upon a clean comfortable bed prepared by the nurse. She too plainly discerned that her husband's birth, or situation, was but the least of her

misfortunes; for, under all those disadvantages, he might have been amiable, and even respectable; but, in the course of the voyage from Britain, she discovered, that if a wintry term of years had produced insensibility in her heart to the accomplishments, worth, and manly tenderness, of Mr. Nelson, the object of her preference had only vernal age and a handsome person to balance the most intolerable defects in temper, understanding, and principles; and she who had hitherto spent every hour in amusement, or in adorning her lovely figure, must now owe daily bread to her own industry. Overcome by woe, and fatigued by sultry heat, she fell into a troubled, but heavy sleep.

Enquiring next morning for her husband, his nurse replied, he could not come to breakfast; but after her repast, with intuitive delicacy, for of whom could she learn a gentle sympathy in the feelings of a refined and hapless female, the good woman, struggling with her own grief, informed Janetta, that Mr. Duffy had left the country as surgeon to a ship, bound for the Spanish main. The unfortunate wife sat many hours in speechless affliction. Nurse, at length, convinced her, it was good for Mr. Duffy to have a way for gaining independance; and to be removed from all opportunity for making an open quarrel with the man who succeeded his father.

In the cool of the day, she prevailed upon the mourner to arrange her things in the apartment, which she hoped she would always use as her own, until her other foster-child returned. He returned no more: whether he perished at sea, or forsook his Janetta, has never been ascertained. In examining her packages, Mrs. Duffy, with unspeakable consternation, perceived that her husband had deprived her of every article that could be converted into money; and in the cabinet with her trinkets, she had deposited the certificate, and all other proofs of her marriage. Her reputation might be aspersed, and the testimonials that would have vindicated her innocence had been purloined.

Separated from every relative, bereft of character, and destitute of means for subsistence, she had besides to undergo the pangs of disease.

Ye fair, into whose hands these pages may fall, may this dismal and impressive example caution ye to beware what connexions ye form; more especially not to throw yourselves out of the protection of your parents; nor to incur a malediction which, in every variety of wretchedness, pursued Janetta. She shared the penalty of her husband's libertine habits; and could not conquer her repugnance to reveal her sufferings, until the premature birth of her child acquainted the nurse with symptoms that consumed her frame—too late for a remedy. Janetta felt the approach of dissolution, and desired release from a world where her only benefactors were a negro pair, her only instructress and comforter a negro girl. That girl's edifying converse had changed her weariness of the present life into ardent aspirations and hopes for a better state of immortal existence.

In early childhood, Mary had been taken into the family of a pious lady, who, in teaching her to read, to use the pen, and to be expert in feminine occupations, superadded the more precious blessing of a religious education. Mary became an enlightened, sincere, and practical Disciple of the Divine Preacher of righteousness; and had imparted to her parents the glad tidings of a salvation which is no respecter of persons, bond or free, if they believe and obey the truth. Mrs. Duffy had known only the nominal profession of Christianity; her sable friends inspired her with the genuine spirit. Every hour accelerated the progress of her malady; but her mental energies seemed to acquire new vigour from faith and animating hope.

A ship from America induced the nurse to go on board for apples to the sick lady. An officer overheard her pleading to have a cask immediately opened, and she happened to say the lady was of England, and would soon die without one relation to receive her parting sighs.

He begged leave to see her ; and would call in the afternoon. He came. Gracious Providence ! his name announced her twin brother, Ensign Osborn. He had left America before he could receive the letters that would have communicated to him his sister's misconduct, and his father's fate ; and Janetta had no intelligence from any quarter. No force of language can paint this interview ; but the last charge given by the invalid may, at the present juncture, afford important suggestions, and ought to obtain publicity. " My dear Lionel," said Mrs. Duffy, " my errors have been extreme ; but extreme has been the expiation. The bitterness is past. The outcast Janetta will soon be the associate of saints and angels ; but do you, I fervently beseech you, mark my dying words, and convey my dying request to our beloved Charles. You both have abilities highly cultivated, and in every condition a man of merit will have influence to promote the great cause of humanity, in seeking to obtain, not only the total Abolition of the most inhuman traffic in our fellow creatures, but the Emancipation of all who have formerly been doomed to perpetual servitude. Oh ! that all mankind would duly ponder, and anticipate the final and inevitable account that must be rendered for the application of talents ; that they would weigh the criminality of violating inherent rights, in withholding from responsible, rational beings all means that must allow scope to the gifts of the Omnipotent Creator. *He* will avenge oppression and injustice ; and frustrate the selfish aims that oppose his benign and equitable laws. Nor is the sacrifice of pecuniary interest to be feared ;—for even without referring to the special favor of the Supreme Ruler, the common course of events must prosper an intelligent, free, and voluntary service, more uniformly and securely than the ignorant, unprincipled, compulsory toil of slaves ; and distemper or death among the agents of his business, so ruinous to the slave-master, will not shock the fortune of him who employs hired labourers.

You have applauded the unwearied goodness of the negro family who have maintained, consoled, and edified your friendless sister; but without instruction, without freedom, what might they have been—! and how many capacious, exalted, benevolent minds may be contracted, depressed, and perverted in slavery, is an enquiry which all whom it may concern ought to bring home to their own consciences, as they hope for mercy at the bar of omniscient and unerring justice!"

TH. N. R.

Anecdote of Dion, a Syracusan General.

When this illustrious soldier was driven from Syracuse by the power and machinations of Dionysius the tyrant; Dion, to sooth his melancholy, travelled through all Greece. Being at Megara he paid a visit to the richest man in the city, whom Plutarch calls Phteodore, and Valerius Maximus Theodore. Dion was kept a long time waiting at the gate before he was admitted. "Have patience," said the philosophical general to his companion, "perhaps in the height of my prosperity I might have made a person wait as long before he was introduced to me." Dion was son-in-law to Dionysius the tyrant; and it was by his advice that Plato, the great philosopher, was invited to the court of Syracuse. The above anecdote gives a high idea of the ingenuousness of Dion's character, as does the following of his manly style of courage; and is likewise mentioned by that excellently moral writer Valerius Maximus. When he was cautioned against the frauds and insidious designs of Heraclides and Calippus, in whom he put great trust, he answered magnanimously, "I had rather die a violent death, than confound my friends with my foes." It is melancholy to relate that this heroic confidence lost him his life by the hand of Calippus.

On the Employment of Talent.

TALENTS, without application, resemble a fine fruit-tree, whose branches, from want of attention in pruning, cleansing, and digging around its roots, put forth here and there but few specimens of the excellence of its kind. Superior talents were undoubtedly not bestowed on man to lie dormant and unimproved; nor solely for his own personal gratification in the possession of them. Nothing in nature displays a selfish principle; the animal and vegetable creation are all made subservient to the sustenance and convenience of man; and man, by every law of duty and gratitude, should benevolently exert the faculties with which God has endowed him for the improvement of his fellow creatures. It is to be lamented, that many sensible, well informed persons have not a happy method of disseminating their ideas; and others who possess the communicative faculty in its full force, either through indolence, or thoughtlessness, do not employ it to advantage. There are two channels particularly through which instruction may be conveyed; by conversation, or by writing. Hours are frequently wasted in desultory idle talk that might be usefully improved in the mutual edification of the parties; for there is scarcely any capacity from which some idea may not be gleaned. Conversation is, in some respects, superior to writing, as the strength or feebleness of an argument may have more effect given to it by verbal emphasis than can be produced by a mere written document. Socrates is said to have inspired his auditors with such noble sentiments, that individuals who before were only as a blank in society became legislators and philosophers. Although none in modern times can aspire to the abilities of a Socrates; yet this instance is sufficient to shew what influence the discussion of virtuous principles, by men of talents, may have on society. Nothing, however, is more to be depre-

ated than an ostentatious display of knowledge merely for vanity and self-applause; this, far from edifying, tends only to create disgust and contempt; while a forcible, concise manner, void of egotism, cannot fail of commanding respect and attention; but as conversation must be confined to a small circle of local connexions; those who aim at being extensively useful should be able to convey their thoughts in a good style of writing. Want of application is unfortunately too prevalent: there are individuals who possess talents requisite for almost any undertaking, whose knowledge is extensive, and imagination brilliant, yet, from a volatility of disposition, they produce nothing worthy of themselves, or that will be valued by posterity. Perhaps the outline of a tragedy is sketched; some characters in it successfully delineated; the sentences finely rounded, and then it is thrown by to commence a comedy, poem, or essay; all of which are likewise discarded in a mutilated condition, and consigned to oblivion. The same with efforts of the pencil; a landscape is designed which promises great excellence, the figures and objects are correctly and tastefully grouped; yet, ere half done, it is thrown by for some other work of fancy. If we scatter grain, some in one field, and some in another, we cannot expect to reap a harvest which the same grain would have produced if sown in a compact body; neither, though the emanations of genius and talent be observable in unfinished productions, can they correct the judgement, please the eye, or enlighten the understanding, like one regular and finished performance from the same hand.

Bridgewater.

C. B. S.

Plato, speaking of the luxury which prevailed in the city of Agrigentum, in Sicily, said, "These people build as if they were to live for ever, and eat as if they were to die to-morrow."

THE HEROISM
OF
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

CHAP. II.

GEMINVILE presented Dorneuil to Mrs. Reminval, who paid him every attention, and earnestly solicited his acquaintance. At this interview, Miss Nelson was present. After their visit, Dorneuil exclaimed—I confess, I never saw so enchanting, so adorable a woman. She is indeed an angel of grace and beauty; and, as thou hast said, the image of virtue shines in her face. Ah! Geminville, how can I blame thy passion? I will repeat it, it is impossible to behold this divine creature without being fascinated. Geminville (embracing him), I am thy friend; yes, I am thy friend; and this title forbids the least impression. Without doubt, thou must be very dear,—or thou wouldst have a rival;—but fear nothing, fear nothing; my friendship is a sure guarantee of my duty.—Geminville, I would sooner tear out my heart than suffer a sentiment to enter it which should outrage our union; to me it is sacred. But, my friend, thou believest in morality and probity; thou art not infected with worldly principles; thou dost not intend to play the part of a seducer.

Far be from me such thoughts, Dorneuil, as would render me contemptible in my own eyes; thou must be well persuaded, that a respectable contract—but how does passion bewilder me—I must be fortunate enough to inspire the same sentiment in Miss Nelson.

I imagine, Geminville, that thou hast reason for hope.

What sayst thou, Dorneuil? No; I am not mistaken; I remarked that Stephanie was incessantly directing her looks to thee; and—I will say more—I believe that

she is prepossessed in thy favour. It is true, Dorneuil (throwing himself into his arms, and pressing him to his heart), as thou sayst, that I am not indifferent to the divinity of my soul. Doubtless thou knowest this soul. I would not indulge a love for this heavenly creature, till assured, that we should be united by a sacred bond. Ah! far from me be every idea contrary to an engagement most worthy of our wishes, when an ardent passion is associated with it. Thou hast well judged me, my friend; I shall never be attached to that depravity which disorders society.—True love, thou art of the same opinion, is accompanied by integrity. Dorneuil, if Stephanie be not my wife, I shall die for her; but I shall never have to reproach myself for having conceived the culpable project of outraging virtue. In this, we think alike; the foundation of our mutual friendship; and my happiness would be complete, if love had not taken possession of my heart.—Why, Dorneuil, I ask thee again, dost thou think I may flatter myself, that I should not be displeasing to the absolute sovereign of all my senses?—It is true, that the adorable Stephanie—Must I abandon myself to so delusive a hope?

Hear, Geminville; I would advise thee.—Why dost thou not repose confidence in thy relation; and inform her of the love thou hast conceived? which will be a source of inquietude, if thou searchest not to instruct thyself concerning what is to be expected.

My friend, before I disclose myself to Mrs. Reminval, I will judge for myself of Miss Nelson's sentiments towards me;—I know not how I should support her aversion, or indifference!

The situation of the young person differed somewhat from that of Geminville; she was continually at Mrs. Reminval's; and always returned more agitated, more overcome by a sentiment that she could no longer subdue, or even combat, so much more to be pitied, as she could not disclose her feelings; and in such circumstances, it is a relief so satisfying, so necessary to have a friend to whom

we can confide our troubles *, our tears, and speak of the inmost feelings of our hearts. This consolation was denied the unfortunate Stephanie, who was obliged to bear her burthen, without the pleasing solace of having a partner in her sorrows.

Geminville always persisted in his discretion towards his relation ; she was ignorant of his passion ; though she discovered in him a great alteration ; for it is difficult to hide the agitation of the heart. He feared, if he confessed his partiality, that she would not approve of it. The first motive of his silence was his incertitude of the sentiments of Miss Nelson in his favour ; besides, he had a very moderate fortune ; it is true, he expected a tolerable inheritance ; but this was relying upon the future, which is subject to so many vicissitudes. The honest Geminville did not deceive himself ; indeed there were moments in which he accused himself of having too much encouraged a passion that he was actually no longer able to repress. We cannot too often repeat it, he was as virtuous as sensible ; and imposed upon himself the restraint of being silent, till a favourable opportunity should occur for developing the feelings of his heart, oppressed by silence.

* *Confide our troubles.*—One of the most evident proofs that the want of society must be placed in the number of a man's first wants, is this determined propensity which leads him to make others the depositary of his pleasures, or his pains. It is a great solace to an unfortunate being, to think that he has excited a feeling of commiseration ; and his satisfaction is increased, if it be apparent. This is the reason that the parts of confidant are so necessary in dramatic productions ; and, at the same time, so conformable to the truth of nature. A lover, whom circumstances interdict the pleasure of speaking of his mistress, does not enjoy so great a happiness as he who, on this subject, yields to the entire effusion of his feelings. It rarely occurs that love and indiscretion are not associated ; and hence we may judge, that vanity is not the only motive which allures to what is called confidence.

At his relation's, he one day found Miss Nelson alone, with a book in her hand. On seeing Geminville, she was eager to lay down the book; and he perceived that her eyes were bedewed with tears. You weep, Miss! (Stephanie was disconcerted, and blushing, said,)—I confess, Sir, this trifle excites my interest.—Miss, are you so unfortunate as to be possessed of sensibility?—Ah! Sir—sentiment (giving him a look,—ah! such a look! and then quickly casting down her eyes)—sentiment is often a source of inquietude! And in suffering this expression to escape, Stephanie's blushes increased; and nothing could equal her beauty, her affecting manner. Geminville, overcome by feelings he could no longer suppress, fell at her feet.—Charming Stephanie,—pardon a passion that I can no longer restrain.—What mean you, Sir?—Let me die at your feet!—Rise, Sir, rise;—if any one—Would you ruin me?—Ah! (Geminville rising), I would rather die ten thousand deaths! Beautiful, adorable Stephanie, if this declaration offend you, I will never intrude again; but suffer me at this moment—Alas! I cannot express myself. Never was love equal to mine! no, never!—tell me, at least, that I am not hateful to you.—Sir, (in a faltering voice) what do you require? Ah! why should I hate you? (and these words were accompanied by a look, the force and expression of which none but a lover can feel) suffer me to leave you—I am forbid——

A noise is heard;—Mrs. Reminval returned. Our two personages, for the scene was truly dramatic, could hardly recover from their confusion.

The relation of Geminville congratulated him upon the happy chance which had procured him such a *tête-a-tête*.—Confess, dear Sir, that you are indebted to me for this interview. Have you enjoyed the advantage of being alone with so charming a person?

The arrival of some of Mrs. Reminval's acquaintances interrupted the conversation; and Geminville, not being able to contain his agitation, was eager to withdraw, and

rejoin Dorneuil, who was waiting for him at an adjoining house.

My friend, Dorneuil, I have declared myself; Miss Nelson knows—that I love her;—that I love her—to idolatry. He gives a faithful account of his unexpected good fortune; and of the disclosure of his love to the object of his affection.—And—thou art beloved, Geminville?—Dorneuil, what an enchanting thought thou presentest! were I permitted to hope, I should be too happy; no, I shall never have that felicity. Yet did she not appear to be offended at my declaration. In my place, my friend, wouldst thou have resisted the eager desire of disclosing sentiments that you could with difficulty suppress?—But, Dorneuil, what have I done? How have I been hurried away by an ardour that makes me appear criminal in my own eyes! How could I forget, that at this moment my situation will not allow me to aspire to the hand of Miss Nelson!—In hope of an inheritance?—Oh heaven! Can I suffer myself to be deluded on such a subject?

Geminville hastened to his relation's; there he found Stephanie; and seizing a favourable moment, unperceived, he, with a trembling hand, presented a letter, which the young lady refused to accept †.—It does not become me, Sir

† *Refused to accept, and yet accepted.*—As our object, in several of our attempts, which may at first be taken for vain trifles, is to present some useful truths; we shall make a remark that will not be lost, particularly on those persons whose sex necessarily exposes to the pressing solicitations of our's.—A young lady must arm herself with the greatest severity, and be obstinately resolved, unceremoniously, to refuse those letters which are the first spark to the conflagration of the passions. See Clarissa; the moment she receives a letter from the corruptor, Lovelace, her ruin is decided; and she runs into all the misfortunes which she afterwards experiences; and is hurried away to a deplorable end. Such a romance, doubtless, is much more instructive than all those collections of historical works, which, though they represent facts, are

(*in a low voice*) to receive a written paper.—Miss,—Miss,—deign to grant me this testimony of sensibility. I do not intend to offend you;—have the goodness to read; and you will at least pity me in doing justice to sentiments—you see how far they have carried me! I have declared a passion for you—that I ought, I confess, to have buried in my own breast; and which will, doubtless, occasion my death.

Some one approached Miss Nelson; and interrupted Geminville: she wished to return the letter; but wanted resolution. No sooner had she reached her uncle's, than she ran to her apartment; and hastily opening the letter, read—

“ Pardon, adorable Stephanie! if you loved, you would be more disposed to excuse a lover;—yes, in the eye of reason, even in my own, I am the most imprudent, the most culpable of men; it became not me to admit a sentiment into my heart that I ought to have suppressed; and, above all, to disclose it to you. How can I imagine that my deference will be of the least value to the beautiful Stephanie! It were the height of temerity and presumption to flatter myself that thou wouldst grant me a return! All that I can aspire to is to please you. Alas! how many

only a disgusting heap of crimes. Read the Roman History, and most other histories; what do they expose to your view? but villany almost always crowned with success, virtue rarely fortunate, truth the sport of imposture, and innocence the victim of perfidy. Cast your eyes upon those monsters who abused the supreme power of the Romans; have the Tituses, the Antoninuses, been able to efface the recollection of those abominable reigns? Let every sensible person, who will venture to form his own judgement, ask himself whether such works present examples to youth which are fit for imitation. It is not, however, intended to praise all those foolish productions, entitled Romances; five, or six, may be quoted as excellent elementary books, which may be of great utility to instil into inexperienced minds a taste for sound morality.

rivals must I have to oppose more deserving than myself! But remember,—it is not a vile seducer who dares to speak to you of love; it is an ardent lover; one who burns to join this name to that of husband; and,—I must not form such absurd and extravagant desires. It is my crime, that I am not one of fortune's favourites; indeed, I have expectations which, perhaps, are well founded; but are these pretensions sufficient to justify a passion which I am the first, I repeat it, to condemn? Yes; I would rather die than give you fresh cause of offence. Forget, I conjure you, the extacy with which I threw myself at your feet;—doubtless, I ought to impose upon myself the most rigorous silence;—yet, once more, if you were acquainted with love, you would not forbear to pity me;—it is the only proof of sensibility I solicit from you. Can you refuse it?"

What a letter for Miss Nelson! her inmost feelings were excited, and tears fell upon the writing, so fatal to her tranquillity. Ah, Geminville! Geminville! cried she, the sight of you has been sufficient to inspire me with a passion—in which, alas! I so far participate, that I am no longer mistress of myself.—And fortune is adverse to him! Why should I not give him my hand, when—my heart entirely belongs to him! Alas! I feel that I already love him too much ever to unite myself to another. The most moderate fortune with such a husband would be preferable to wealth, to the most brilliant *éclat* of any other marriage. What do I say? I must not admit the slightest impression in my heart that is not approved by a parent whom I am proud to call my father.—I must resolve to avoid every opportunity of meeting Geminville; duty and honour direct me, since he cannot be my husband.—No; I will not visit Mrs. Reminval; I will never see Geminville more! I will deprive myself of this solace in the ills I endure. Ah! is it not extremely tormenting to be obliged to reject the very thought—of what, without doubt, would constitute the happiness of my existence? Shall I write to Geminville? Let me banish

the thought. I should fail in all the obligations by which I am bound ;—but—do these tyrannic obligations forbid me the satisfaction of sometimes searching the presence of the object that is dearest to me? I will not speak to him ; except with my eyes ; and this will but feebly compensate for the sacrifice I shall impose upon myself?

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF GROTIUS.

When this excellent writer and man was confined by the Prince of Orange in the castle of Louvestein, with his friend Barneveldt, on the suspicion of favouring the sect of the Arminians, he obtained permission to have his books sent to him. After some time, the guards neglected to examine the boxes, as they came in and were carried out. His wife placed Grotius in one of the empty boxes that was going out, and he was safely in this manner extricated from his confinement. Some soldiers, whilst they were carrying the chest, observed, that it was as heavy as if an Arminian had been in it. Grotius, however, after much apprehension, escaped. The following verses were made to celebrate so fortunate an elopement. The arca, or chest, in which he was concealed, is alluded to by the author:

Hæc ea, quæ Domini solita est portare libellos
 Grotiadæ fuerat pondere facta gravis ;
 Mutatum neque sensit onus, quod enim illa ferebat,
 Id quoque, sed spirans bibliotheca, fuit.

This chest, which to its master did convey
 Full many a massive volume ev'ry day,
 Unconscious now of greater weight and cares,
 A living library in Grotius bears.

Grotius related to M. Menage the circumstances and manner of his escape. It happened in the year 1662.

ANECDOTES
OF
DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

THE WIFE OF EDWARD III.

In the war between Philip de Valois and Edward III. for the throne of France, the town of Calais, faithful to the rights of Philip, whom the salic law called to the throne, had sustained a siege of eleven months. This obstinate defence irritated the conqueror, who ordered every one to be put to the sword; nor did he intermit this sentence, nor would he lay down his arms only upon condition, that six of the inhabitants of the town should be delivered up to him barefooted, with their hands bound, and halters round their necks. Six presented themselves in this state. Edward commanded them to be executed; but the queen, by her pressing solicitations, obtained their pardon. This event occurred in the year 1347. The celebrated Opera of the Surrender of Calais is founded upon this fact.

Vainement Edouard au glaive des bourreaux
Vent de Calais domté livrer les six victimes :
Son épouse défend ces Français magnanimes ;
Et, d'un prince terrible arrêtant la fureur,
Rend la vie aux vaincus, et la gloire au vainqueur.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is remarkable of this queen, that she made her passions and pleasures subservient to her political views; and that the very same conduct, with respect to them, advanced the glory of Elizabeth, which tends to occasion the downfall of many other princes. If she intrigued, her

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intrigues were very secret, and remain so ; we only know that they redounded to the good of the public. Her paramours were her ministers, and her ministers were her paramours: Lord Digby used to say that this queen's reign was a happy one, because it was the reign of love ; and even chains and slavery were borne cheerfully. Love commanded, and love was willingly obeyed.

EPONINE.

Eponine had married Sabinus, a gallic prince, who revolted, in the year 69 of the Christian era, against the Emperor, Vespasian. He was conquered, and hid himself in a subterraneous cavern. He informed Eponine of the place of his retreat ; where this tender wife found him ; waited upon him for nine years, and was delivered of two children. Their asylum was discovered. Vespasian caused them both to be put to death, without respect to the virtue of Eponine. The handsome Panthea, wife of Abradates, Portia, wife of Brutus, Paulina, wife of Seneca, Arria, wife of Pœtus, and Camma, widow of Sinates, whose assassination she avenged by poisoning herself with his murderer, rendered themselves immortal by this sublime ardour of immolating themselves for their husbands.

Qu' a fait cette Eponine à l'échafaud conduite ?
Dans un obscur réduit, où, déroband sa fuite,
Sabinus d'un vainqueur trompa dix ans les coups,
Elle vint partager les périls d'un époux :
De l'amour conjugal, O mémorable exemple !
Par elle un souterrain du bonheur fut le temple.
Aux yeux de Sabinus elle sut chaque jour
Embellir par ses soins le plus affreux séjour ;
Des plus sombres échos lui charma la tristesse,
En les adoucissant des sons de la tendresse ;
Et du roc, qui la nuit les recevoit tous deux,
Fit la couche riante où l'hymen est heureux.

ANTIGONE.

The ancients attached great importance to being buried. Polynices, expiring of wounds received from Eteocles, conjured his sister, Antigone, to bury him. As he had borne arms against his country, the magistrates forbid any one, upon pain of death, to pay him the last honours. Antigone disobeyed the law ; and was condemned to die of hunger in a cave inclosed by a wall.

Pourquoi de vils bourreaux, dans l'empire Thébain,
Dévouant Antigone aux horreurs de la faim,
La plongent-ils vivante en une grotte obscure ?
C'est qu' à son frere mort, donnant la sépulture,
Sa main religieuse à la tombe a remis
Ces restes, qu'aux vantours la haine avoit promis.
Elle savoit la loi qui la mene au supplice ;
Mais elle n'a rien vu que son cher Polynice,
Qui, privé du tombeau, réclamoit son appui,
Et pour l'ensevelir elle meurt avec lui.

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc, a country-woman, born at Demremi, signalled herself, in the year 1429, by compelling the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and conducting Charles VII. to Reims to be crowned. In the year 1472, another Frenchwoman, named Hachette, saved Beauvais, besieged by the Duke of Bourgogne : she appeared upon the breach at the head of the women of the town, snatched the colours that they wished to hoist up, and hurled the soldier who carried them to the bottom of the wall.

Jeanne d'Arc : Orléans trembloit pour ses murailles ;
Tout-à-coup, du hameau t'élançant aux batailles,
Tu parois ; le soldat, à son honneur rendu,
Croit voir l'ange de Dieu dans ses rangs descendu.
Tu combats ; l'Anglais perd sa superbe assurance :
Du joug de l'étranger tu délivres la France ;
Tu rends libre Orléans ; et dans Reims étonné
Tu ramenes ton roi qui fuyoit détrôné.

intrigues were very secret, and remain so ; we only know that they redounded to the good of the public. Her paramours were her ministers, and her ministers were her paramours: Lord Digby used to say that this queen's reign was a happy one, because it was the reign of love ; and even chains and slavery were borne cheerfully. Love commanded, and love was willingly obeyed.

E P O N I N E.

Eponine had married Sabinus, a gallic prince, who revolted, in the year 69 of the Christian era, against the Emperor, Vespasian. He was conquered, and hid himself in a subterraneous cavern. He informed Eponine of the place of his retreat ; where this tender wife found him ; waited upon him for nine years, and was delivered of two children. Their asylum was discovered. Vespasian caused them both to be put to death, without respect to the virtue of Eponine. The handsome Panthea, wife of Abradates, Portia, wife of Brutus, Paulina, wife of Seneca, Arria, wife of Poetus, and Camma, widow of Sinates, whose assassination she avenged by poisoning herself with his murderer, rendered themselves immortal by this sublime ardour of immolating themselves for their husbands.

Qu' a fait cette Eponine à l'échafaud conduite ?
Dans un obscur réduit, où, déroband sa fuite,
Sabinus d'un vainqueur trompa dix ans les coups,
Elle vint partager les périls d'un époux :
De l'amour conjugal, O mémorable exemple !
Par elle un souterrain du bonheur fut le temple.
Aux yeux de Sabinus elle sut chaque jour
Embellir par ses soins le plus affreux séjour ;
Des plus sombres échos lui charma la tristesse,
En les adoucissant des sons de la tendresse ;
Et du roc, qui la nuit les recevoit tous deux,
Fit la couche riante où l'hymen est heureux.

ANTIGONE.

The ancients attached great importance to being buried. Polynices, expiring of wounds received from Eteocles, conjured his sister, Antigone, to bury him. As he had borne arms against his country, the magistrates forbid any one, upon pain of death, to pay him the last honours. Antigone disobeyed the law ; and was condemned to die of hunger in a cave inclosed by a wall.

Pourquoi de vils bourreaux, dans l'empire Thébain,
Dévouant Antigone aux horreurs de la faim,
La plongent-ils vivante en une grotte obscure ?
C'est qu' à son frere mort, donnant la sépulture,
Sa main religieuse à la tombe a remis
Ces restes, qu'aux vanteurs la haine avoit promis.
Elle savoit la loi qui la mene au supplice ;
Mais elle n'a rien vu que son cher Polynice,
Qui, privé du tombeau, réclamoit son appui,
Et pour l'ensevelir elle meurt avec lui.

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc, a country-woman, born at Demremi, signalled herself, in the year 1429, by compelling the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and conducting Charles VII. to Reims to be crowned. In the year 1472, another Frenchwoman, named Hachette, saved Beauvais, besieged by the Duke of Bourgogne : she appeared upon the breach at the head of the women of the town, snatched the colours that they wished to hoist up, and hurled the soldier who carried them to the bottom of the wall.

Jeanne d'Arc : Orléans trembloit pour ses murailles ;
Tout-à-coup, du hameau t'élançant aux batailles,
Tu parois ; le soldat, à son honneur rendu,
Croit voir l'ange de Dieu dans ses rangs descendu.
Tu combats ; l'Anglais perd sa superbe assurance :
Du joug de l'étranger tu délivres la France ;
Tu rends libre Orléans ; et dans Reims étonné
Tu ramenes ton roi qui fuyoit détrôné.

TELESILLA.

Telesilla was born at Argos, in the Peloponnesus. She was a poet and warrior. Among other exploits, in the year 557 before J. C. she rescued her country, besieged by Cleomenes, king of Sparta. The citizens erected a statue to her memory, in a public place, which represented her with a helmet in her hand, and books at her feet.

MADAME DE LA SABLIERE.

Madame de La Sabliere entertained at her house for twenty years the French fabulist, La Fontaine, who had no fortune, having never had a share in the favours of government; for those in power are but too much inclined to forget men of talents who can neither stoop, nor intrigue. La Fontaine had the greatest indifference about his affairs; and Madame de La Sabliere took them upon herself: she was not only his friend, but his steward; she regulated his expences and clothing. These trifling details are better attended to by women; and she thereby evinced the disinterestedness of her friendship. When La Fontaine lost this beloved friend, Madame d'Hervart filled her place. The manner in which her services were offered and accepted is remarkable. "*I have learnt,*" said Madame d' Hervart to La Fontaine, "*the misfortune that has befallen you; and I come to propose that you reside at my house.*" "*You have anticipated my intentions,*" answered he; which was a compliment to both.

Bon La Fontaine, O toi qui chantas l'amitié,
Avec La Sabliere ainsi tu fus lié !
Prolongeant, sans amour, des entretiens aimables,
Elle écoutoit ton cœur, tes chagrins, et tes fables ;
Au fond de ta pensée alloit chercher tes vœux ;
Sauvoit tout soin pénible à tes goûts paresseux,
Et, chassant de tes jours les plus légers nuages,
Te donnoit un bonheur pur comme tes ouvrages.

*AGNES ADDISON;**A SIMPLE TALE;**BY ORA.*

(Continued from page 83.)

THE solid lessons which Mr. Thomson received from the father, he returned to the child, by teaching her those elegant little accomplishments for which he had a natural taste; he taught her to delineate with no mean skill the rude scenes of the island; and from the breathing flute to draw forth strains that might "create a soul under the ribs of death!"

When Mr. Thomson became the victim of the tender passion himself, he felt the keenest remorse for the part he had acted to his sister; but as she now seemed to have banished Hamilton from her heart, he forbore either writing on the subject, or mentioning it when he saw her. He was born to be the dupe of his uncle: whenever Mr. Mandeville led the way, he followed with blind credulity; and seemed, in no instance, but in what regarded Helen Morrison, to have a will of his own. In this respect, however, he ventured to judge for himself. He spoke distinctly to Mr. Mandeville on the subject; saw the dark scowl of anger gathering on his brow; and buried his love deep in his own bosom;—he then flew to Mr. Morrison, flung himself at his feet, and implored his consent to their union: the unexpected stroke fell like a thunderbolt on him; he struggled for a moment with his feelings, and then raising his meek eyes to heaven, exclaimed—

"And is this the reward Gilbert Thomson would give me for all the affection I have lavished on him? would he pull down a weight of misery and disgrace on my aged head? or on my innocent lamb?"

•

"How, Mr. Morrison, can an alliance with the Thomsons ever be considered a disgrace? I did not expect this." "No, Sir; an alliance with you, in other circumstances, would be an honour conferred; but poor as we are, my child shall never meanly steal into a family. Your uncle has other views for you; were we to be the cause of disappointing them, I know him well; he would pursue us with vengeance to the last. If you have any real regard for Helen, you will never mention this subject to her; indeed, I must consider it as my duty to put it out of your power to do so, by removing her from the threatened danger; but if I know any thing of Gilbert Thomson, he will not reduce an infirm and wretched old man to part with his only earthly comfort!"

"No, no! banish not your Helen from your protection! what would become of her? I shall endeavour—but not now;—I shall see you soon again." He rushed from the room; and met Helen on the stairs. "Helen," said he, grasping her hand, and hurrying her out, "will you not walk? your grandfather is writing."

"You are in a great hurry," said Helen, smiling. They walked to the sea-shore; the bank was high, and the restless waves roared below. Mr. Thomson gazed earnestly on them, and then wildly on Helen. "My dear Thomson, what is the matter with you?" said she, tenderly pressing his hand. He threw himself at her feet. "Helen, do you love me?" "Love you! what a question? but what has happened to agitate you so much? indeed you alarm me!"

"Helen, if you love me, you will not hesitate to comply with my request. This moment only is our own; fly with me to the next island; Mr. Matthews will unite us immediately!"

"What madness is this, Mr. Thomson?" exclaimed Helen, starting back with terror.

"I am mad indeed, Helen; you are lost to me for ever, if I do not seize the present moment. Look here, Helen,"

said he, drawing her to the brink of the bank, "these billows shall be my grave, if I am bereft of you! I will expire before your eyes! Cruel, faithless Helen! have you not declared, in the face of heaven, that you were mine? Will you break your vows? Will you drive me on to certain destruction?"

"Heaven defend me," shrieked Helen, drawing back with horror, and covering her eyes with her trembling hands.

"Oh, thou, all grace and loveliness without, but with heart harder than the flinty rock! farewell, farewell for ever!"

Whether Mr. Thomson would really have put his threat into execution is doubtful; but the terrified Helen threw herself into his arms, and consented to accompany him that moment to the clergyman's in the next island. He immediately procured a boat, and with Sibelia's foster sister and brother, both of whom were faithfully attached to him and his absent sister, they proceeded to the island.

Mr. Matthews was a most eccentric character; he did not make the slightest objection to the marriage; but, in the presence of his wife and his eldest daughter, performed the ceremony. It was late in the evening when they returned. Poor Mr. Morrison, when he missed his child from their accustomed early dinner, and when the evening advanced without bringing her, trembled with a sad foreboding of some dreadful calamity. At length the door opened, and Mr. Thomson entered almost carrying in his trembling bride. "Bless your children," said he, kneeling at his feet. Helen attempted to speak; but the words died away on her cold and bloodless lips, and she sunk lifeless on the floor. The old man raised her in his arms, and wept bitterly over her. "You, you are her destroyer, Gilbert Thomson! See here the pale victim of thy love! But, Oh my God! forgive them both; avert the dreadful fate I see hanging over their heads; on this aged head alone let it fall, and spare my children."

Helen was carried to bed, and Mr. Thomson endeavoured to sooth the afflicted father. "The worst that can ensue is the loss of my uncle's favour," said he; "and am I not blest with youth and strength? For Helen's sake, I would think no occupation, no toil disgraceful; but even this may not be wanted; I may keep our marriage a secret from him."

Mr. Morrison looked at him earnestly. "A secret, Mr. Thomson! and five people, by your own account, witnesses of it." "These people I can depend on; Sibelia's foster brother and sister would rather die than betray me; and Mr. Matthews———" "Is truly a worthy man, Mr. Thomson; but naturally so thoughtless and absent, that though his own life depended on it, it will, perhaps, be the first thing he talks of among his parishioners; to say nothing of his wife and daughter! But there is now no help for it. See your uncle immediately; act as you think proper when you do see him; and let me know the result to-morrow. I must go, and calm the soul of my distressed child." With reluctant steps, Mr. Thomson left the Manse; he looked on what had passed as some dreadful dream; and his conduct appeared to him in its true light, little less than madness. He was now obliged to confess with Mr. Morrison, that it would be impossible to conceal it from his uncle.

The night was beautiful; the full moon rose in all her splendour, with her attendant stars. Mr. Mandeville was walking in front of his house.

"Ha! Gilbert," said he, "where the devil have you been all day? Hah!" He stammered out something about Mr. Morrison's.

"Indeed Mr. Morrison is a happy man to engage so much of your time; but I think you might be so charitable as to give your uncle part of it; I am not fond of being always alone, and you know too very well, you ungrateful dog, that I love no body's company so well as your's." Here, with a good humoured smile, he took his cane, and

laid it across his shoulders ; then taking his arm, he walked into the house with him.

Gilbert's heart smote him for deceiving so kind, so affectionate a friend ; but he was somewhat relieved from his fears of an immediate discovery. Next day he hurried to Mr. Morrison's ; his Helen was still confined to bed ; but was more composed. He remained about an hour with them, and then returned home. He found his uncle in charming spirits ; and, for a considerable time afterwards, his kindness and good humour seemed to increase, till at length Mr. Thomson's fears entirely subsided, and he looked upon himself as the happiest of men. Even Mr. Morrison began to hope that things would not turn out so ill as he at first dreaded. While Helen, in the society of an adored and adoring husband, forgot that there was a world beyond the parsonage.

Mr. Mandeville took no notice of Mr. Thomson's absenting himself so often from home ; nor seemed to have the least suspicion of any thing amiss. One day, he told him, it was now time to think of taking poor Sibelia home ; and hoped he would have no objection to a trip to England. If the truth were really told, I suspect that Thomson had, for the five or six last months, forgotten that he had a sister. " Take Sibelia home, Sir ? why I am sure she must be much better where she is."

" Yes, Sir ; very likely, Sir," said his uncle, with a sneer, " but I am sure my pocket will not be much the better for it."

He was struck dumb ; and his uncle gave his orders to him without taking notice of his too evident uneasiness. A hundred times he opened his lips, intending to speak of Helen, but an irresistible something kept him silent, and the secret sunk again to his own bosom.

In a few days, every thing was ready for his departure ; he pressed his Helen to his heart in speechless anguish, while their venerable grand-sire, now equally attached to both, lifted his trembling hands over them, and invoked the blessing of heaven on their heads.

“ Farewell, Gilbert, best beloved of my soul ! farewell for ever ! Never, no, never more shall thy Helen press thee to her fond bosom ! ” “ Suppress such ill grounded fears, my life ! ” said he, while struggling to get the better of his own. “ We shall yet be blessed in each other's love ; we shall meet again, my Helen.”

“ In heaven ! ” sighed Helen, and sunk into her grandfather's arms in a state of insensibility.

Mr. Thomson reached London in safety, found his sister well, and tranquil, if not happy ; and as soon as he got every thing settled, which was in the course of a few days, he returned to Orkney ; the rest is known.

(To be continued.)

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

Ligarius, a Roman citizen, was strongly attached to the interests of Pompey, after whose death he joined Scipio in Africa. Cæsar, who knew that the conduct of Ligarius had been in every possible way inimical to him, was determined to wreak his vengeance upon him. Cicero undertook the defence of Ligarius before Cæsar, after having prevailed, with much importunity, on Cæsar to give his cause a hearing. Though Cæsar, from private papers, &c. was confident that he could support his accusation against Ligarius, in opposition to the arguments of Cicero, yet at the conclusion of Tully's oration, Cæsar dropped the memoranda out of his hands : the appearance of his gestures, the colour of his countenance, and his altered resolutions, respecting Ligarius, whom he afterwards considered as his friend, wonderfully displayed the force of Cicero's all-commanding eloquence. The above anecdote countenances the eulogium of Quintilian, “ Not unjustly was Cicero in his own time styled the Prince of Orators, but in our's also the name of Cicero is another word for eloquence.”

MELANGES LITTERAIRES.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED MEN.**A CONJECTURE**

*Concerning the Standard raised by BONAPARTE in the
Isle of Elba.*

TAMERLANE, the great Tartarian Prince, beat the Turkish army, consisting of two hundred thousand men; and took Bajazet, the Emperor, prisoner; and, shutting him in an iron cage, carried him about as an object of scornful triumph. It was the custom of Tamerlane, in besieging a city, or fort, in the beginning to erect a white flag, as an offer of peace; at the second a red one, threatening massacre; at the third, he held out a black ensign, by which he denounced against the enemy devastation and destruction. He was an ambitious tyrant, and boasted, that he was God's burning Wrath, and the Destroyer of the World. May not this practice serve to explain the conduct of Bonaparte, a similar character, upon his entering the Isle of Elba? He raised a White ensign, edged with Red, in the center of which were Bees. What does this imply but a Threat? The White is a symbol of Peace, which he was obliged to display; but the Red with which he surrounded it was a Threat, or a Type of Blood, Massacre, and *Revenge* for his Downfall; and the Bees, of his invincible Industry in its accomplishment. We have never heard, or read, an attempt at explanation; we give this as our simple opinion on the subject.

LORD VISCOUNT CARTERET,

Who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724, retained by memory the whole of the New Testament to the last word in Revelations. It was very astonishing to hear him repeat long passages from it, in the same accurate method as if he were reading the book.

BON MOT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Philip the First of France (when William had staid so long at Rouen as to create a jealousy in the mind of the French King) sent a message to William, enquiring when he expected to be brought to bed. The terms of this message alluded to the very corpulent state under which William at that time laboured. "When my time comes," retorted the Conqueror, "I shall be delivered, like Semele, in thunder!" Had not William's death prevented the execution of the menace, France would have rued severely the unmanly taunt of Philip. Raillery is a figure of speech which is at once mean and contemptible.

MATTHEW PARIS

Was a benedictine monk in the Monastery of St. Alban's; he was the literary ornament of the thirteenth century. He was skilled in the mathematics, painting, and architecture. His learning was exceeded only by his probity. The discipline and correction of many of the convents in his time was committed to his administration. His great work is a History of England, from the Creation of the World to 1273; the part of this history most esteemed by scholars is that which begins with William the Conqueror, &c. The best edition of this work is 2 vols. folio, 1640, London. He was an excellent historian, with the exception of his visions, apparitions, &c. with which he abounds. This is his blind side, and perhaps that too of the age in which he lived. In other points, Matthew Paris is a fair and candid relator, giving us a sufficient insight into characters, without fatiguing us with a variety of them too minutely described, and too frequently introduced, so as to weary the reader.

HARVEY.

Dr. Harvey's Theory of the Motion of the Heart, and the Circulation of the Blood, is like demonstration. He has laid open the fountain of diseases, the economy of the human frame, and the process of nutrition. Parisan, a Venetian, wrote against Harvey; but never received any answer, or deserved one.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN III. KING OF PORTUGAL.

A woman rushed into the presence of the King, and exclaimed, "Sire, would you pardon my husband if he had killed me in the act of adultery?" The King answered in the affirmative. "It is well," rejoined the woman, "I suspected my husband's connexion with another woman, I detected their place of assignation, and slew them both in the act." The King, astonished at the courage of the woman, and embarrassed by her manner of question and relation, granted her a free pardon for the murder.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Lord Clarendon asserts, that the first germs of the rebellion against Charles the first originated in his declaration of taking the ecclesiastical property out of the hands of the nobility, into which Henry the VIIIth had entrusted it. This resolution the Prince declared soon after his accession to the throne. This circumstance gave rise to a report that Charles meant to enter into the Catholic persuasion, and his enemies were very eager to spread this rumour, however slight the grounds were in reality. This is a striking passage; the observation has never been made by any other writer.

KING OF ETHIOPIA.

In the time of Cardinal Richelieu in 1638, a man pretended to be the King of Ethiopia, and called himself Gaza Christ. He died at Ruel, next door to that minister's residence. The following verses were written upon his pretensions.

Cy gît le Roi d'Ethiopie,
Soit original ou copie ;
Sa mort a vuidé les débats,
S'il fut roi, ou ne le fut pas.

IMITATED.

Here lies the Ethiopian prince,
Once real, or pretended ;
Which was the case, death some days since
The grand dispute has ended.

BUCHANAN,

A native of Scotland, was born in 1506, and was a celebrated poet in his age. The major part of his verses are very excellent. The following lines on his mistress are imitated in the English language.

*Illa mihi semper præsentî dura Neæra,
Me, quoties absum, semper abesse dolet ;
Non desiderio nostri, non mæret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.*

IMITATED.

Whilst at Anna's feet I'm kneeling,
Breathing forth my timid vows,
She, no kindred passion feeling,
Proud and scornful, knits her brows.

When I seek relief in flying,
Of my absence she complains ;
Not with love, but malice sighing,
That no more she sees my pains.

AFRICAN EMANCIPATION.

THE gracious dispensations of the most high ruler of events have, beyond all hope, restored tranquillity to Europe; and what shall we render unto the Lord for blessings the most precious. Let us renounce every practice incompatible with his pure and beneficent laws. He hath commanded—"Do unto all men as ye would that they shall do unto you."—Sovereigns and Legislators, men of high or low estate, apply this unerring precept to all your desires, or transactions. More especially, be conscientious in redressing the wrongs of Africa. We execrate the savage ferocity which assails and overpowers the peaceful vehicles of commerce. We hear, with just indignation, of thirty-seven thousand Christians wearing out a deplorable length of years in the most ignoble and cruel servitude. The perpetrators of outrage so unprovoked and savage deserve execration; they deserve to forfeit a power so grossly abused. But shall Europeans tolerate in themselves a violence not less unrighteous and and inhuman? Shall the inoffending African, torn from every tie that endears existence, undergo incessant toil, hardship, and severity, in lands where no hope, no pitying voice, consoles the expatriated mourner. May this foul blot in the annals of Christian polity be expunged by a federal Abolition of the Slave Trade. Let our banners be unfurled to convey the boon of civil liberty, humanizing kindness and instruction, to a race who, beneath a sable exterior, possess endowments of the most exalted value; intrepid valor, fortitude, determination, generous affection, gratitude, and fidelity. Few opportunities allow the African to display his latent qualities; but if an occasion happens to be presented, his actions demonstrate that the hand of the great Creator hath stamped his soul with a dignity declarative of his indubitable claim to all the rights of free men.

Mr. G. had been many years in high prosperity as a coppersmith in the island of Jamacia; but the loss of his wife and three children, and the destruction of his property by hurricane, threw him into deep melancholy. They who have no consolations beyond the present world, and who have been long accustomed to success, are seldom capable of sustaining calamity. Mr. G. sunk in despondency, relaxed his attention to business, and lost his customers. Ruin impended; his former friends, attributing his utter indigence to want of spirit to struggle with adversity, would afford him no relief; but the gratitude of a negro saved him from perdition. As some suspension of grief and care, Mr. G. whose temperance had, in his happier days, been remarkable, now banished thought by every kind of excess. Mr. G's *summer friends* made this another pretext for avoiding him. Eight years previous to his misfortune, he had emancipated an ingenious negro, who had saved his house from being consumed by fire, and had been severely scorched in his exertions to extinguish the conflagration.

To obviate all competition with his late master, William settled at a great distance; and, by the singular excellence of his workmanship, his expedition, and punctuality, he got into great employment, purchased several slaves, some land, and erected comfortable buildings. One day some gentlemen came to his house to give commissions; they accepted refreshments, and William waited as they sat at table. The conversation turned on his late master. This was the first intimation of his reverse of fortune. William knew his distance too well to speak until the gentlemen rose to depart; but hardly could he restrain his impatience to make further enquiries. He learnt the whole dismal fact; and set out next morning before day; the fourth day's journey brought him to the desolate dwelling of his beloved master. Mr. G. had just risen from a troubled sleep; a bowl with hot punch, cold meat, and bisket, stood before him, when William was shewn into his apartment:

He stood aghast, and some minutes speechless, in beholding the emaciated figure, the hollow eye of his revered benefactor; then falling on his knees, "Massa, Massa, dear, dear Massa," he exclaimed, while the big tears rolled over his cheeks, "Massa, here poor negar self, here ticket for manumission, here all negar monies,—take ticket, take purse, take self, and Oh take heart to be happy! negar work for you, serve you, care for you. Me happy, if you happy; me no more free, me again massa slave."

The reader will have anticipated Mr. G's overflowing thankfulness, his melting sense of William's generous gratitude, as also his positive refusal to cancel the manumission ticket. "Oh! then Massa," said William, "do one oder favor to poor negar; take no more bad poison stuff. Be yourself. You teach negar to hate bad strong drink."

Mr. G. resolved never more to transgress the rules of strict sobriety; he removed with William to his property; William insisted he should become his partner, alleging that, as Massa could keep accounts, he had a right to more than a full share of the property. Mr. G. acquired a handsome independence, retrieved his character, formed an acquaintance with two gentlemen, who taught him the only true refuge in a season of affliction—Christian Faith and Resignation.

In a long illness, William and his wife attended him with unremitting and tender vigilance. "Can there be such gratitude; such liberality in negroes?" said he, involuntarily, one day. "Yes, Massa, said William; negar do more for love than for fear; and free negro do most of any." From that period Mr. G. was anxiously solicitous to introduce the labor of horses, mules, or oxen, to supersede the drudgery of human beings, and to apply mechanical powers, as far as they could possibly effect the different operations; and he said he hoped, in another century, that the West India plantations would be cultivated like European estates, by free servants, whose ease of body

and mind would rapidly augment their number without the dire resource of purchasing men and women like the brutes, who feel little repugnance to a change of situation; but rational beings never can undergo a transfer without their consent—but they must experience the most agonizing forebodings and retrospections. Mr. G. prognosticated that when the negroes were employed to work as free men, the proprietors would be more prosperous than when all the bad passions of overseers had free scope; and, in a state of intoxication, had unrestrained authority to torture a valuable slave for a very slight transgression. Britain was in ancient times a land of slaves; the soil was tilled by villains, or unhappy human creatures, wholly subservient to the will of their Lord. The descendants of those imperious Lords, with unquestionable truth, ascribe their opulence to the benefits arising through the freedom of all classes.

TH. N. R.

LOVE OF SCRIBBLING.

The Abbé de Marolles was so fond of being an author, that he put the catalogue of the names of his friends and their acquaintance to the press at his own expence, as he did all his works, which the booksellers would have been unwilling to have undergone any risk in publishing at their venture. M. Marolles said to a friend, that his verses cost him very little. "They cost you as much as they are worth, then," replied M. Liguere. M. Menage wrote on a copy of a translation of Martial's Epigrams, published by Marolles, "*Epigrams against Martial.*"

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

LAURA; An ANTHOLOGY of SONNETS; by CAPEL LOFFT, 5 vols. 12mo. 30s. boards. London, Crosby and Co. 1814.

THE Collection of Sonnets so long promised to the public by Capel Lofft, Esq. (a Gentleman already advantageously known in the literary world,) has at length made its appearance. In the Preface, we are informed, "I have named the Selection *Laura*; in affectionate and respectful remembrance of Petrarch, and of that mysterious passion to which we owe that the Sonnet has such celebrity; and to which, in a great measure, we are indebted for the Taste and Refinement formed and diffused by his delicate and cultivated Genius, by whose peculiar amenity, purity, tenderness, calm and graceful elevation, the Style, the Poetry, the Sentiments, and the Manners of Italy, and progressively of Europe, have been so happily influenced."

"A farther consideration had its share in determining the choice of the Name; which is, that many Female Poets have graced this elegant department of Poetry; many of whose beautiful productions will be found in these volumes."

The lovers of the Sonnet will be gratified with a very copious account of its rise, structure, &c. and will be put in possession of a biographical and critical Catalogue of the Italian Authors who have cultivated this species of Poetry. It seems Mr. Lofft has been deterred by his Publisher from continuing his series through the Spanish, &c. Writers of the Sonnet. We would certainly have wished to have seen the series complete; and we think it might have been completed in nearly the present limits, as considerable part of what has been inserted might have been easily compressed.

The Collection of Sonnets is, perhaps, the largest and most universal yet published. The selections from Petrarch, and some of the earlier Italian Writers, are copious and judicious; the greater part are accompanied with good poetical Translations. Those by Mrs. Lofft are very creditable to her Talents as a Translator and Poet. We were much pleased with her version of that beautiful Sonnet of Petrarch—

ITE, Rime dolenti, al duro sasso
 Che il mio caro Tesoro in terra asconde:
 Ivi chiamate che dal Ciel risponde
 Benche 'l mortal sia in loco oscuro e basso.
 Dite le ch'io son già di viver lasso,
 Del navigar per queste orribil' onde:
 Mai ricogliendo le sue sparte fronde
 Dietro le vo pur così passo passo;

2.

Sol di lei ragionando viva e morta,
 Anzi pur viva ed or fatta immortale,
 Acciòche 'l Mondo la conosca ed ame.
 Piacciale al mio passar esser accorta;
 Che e presso omai: siam' al incontro; e quale
 Ella e nel Cielo, à se me tiri e chiamo.

GO, melancholy Rhimes, in pity go,
 And penetrate the Marble's rigid Base
 That marks with awful front the sacred place
 Where sleeps my LAURA in the dust below.
 Yet though on earth her Form can never know
 The wonted semblance of it's winning Grace,
 And though Death preys upon her beauteous Face,
 Still shall her voice from Heaven's wide concave flow.

2.

Say I am weary of Life's joyless Day;
 Of journeying through this desolated Waste!
 I trace her scatter'd leaves, which guide my sight;
 And to the silent Tomb my progress haste.
 In hope, though now uncharm'd by her mild Ray,
 It soon shall meet me in the Realms of Light.

18th July, 1803.

S. W. L.

The French, Spanish, German, &c. Sonnets, from their rarity, independent of their intrinsic worth, render the Collection valuable.

Mr. Lofit has levied very just contributions on our own Sonnet writers; as Sydney, Spencer, Milton, Gray, Cowper, Seward, Charlotte Smith, &c.

There are many Translations, and original Sonnets in several Languages, by Mr. Lofit himself. The Translations are, for the most part, very respectable. Among the original ones, we were pleased with one "To the Comet," in English, and "La Fenice," in Italian. We extract—

TO THE COMET*.

LALANDE, I would that thou hadst liv'd to view
 This Visitant, so beautiful, so rare,
 And calm, as erst, those hearts, with trembling care,
 Who saw the glorious Orb it's track pursue.
 Yet thee, perhaps, to higher Being new,
 And ampler Prospects privileg'd to share
 Than telescopic sight on Earth can bear,
 Not vain Regret, but Gratulation due

2.

Should follow.—Whatsoe'er the native Use
 Of COMETS, SCIENCE, from their slow Return
 At varied Intervals, feeds her vast Urn
 With beams of intellectual Light profuse;
 And Sentiments of purest Transport burn,
 Such as the BEAUTEOUS and SUBLIME produce.

C. L.

* Of Sept. 1807—to Feb. 1808.

From the Selections, we single one of Miss Seward's Sonnets, because it serves to illustrate a moral truth, which, in our opinion, is the proper province of poetry.

INABILITY TO BEAR RETIREMENT A BAD SYMPTOM.

ALL is not right with him who ill sustains
Retirement's silent hours.—Himself he flies,
Perhaps, from that insipid equipoise
Which always with the hapless mind remains
That feels no native bias, never gains
One energy of Will that does not rise
From some external cause, to which he hies
From his own blank inanity.—When reigns
With a strong cultur'd Mind, this wretched hate
To commune with himself—from thought that tells
Of some lost joy, or dreaded stroke of fate,
He struggles to escape;—or sense that dwells
On secret Guilt toward God or Man, with weight
Thrice dire the self-exiling flight impells.

We congratulate Mrs. Lofft upon Sonnet 63; and we hope she experienced what Anne Lovely desires in the conclusion of the Epilogue. We suppose Mr. Lofft has good reasons for writing *diminisht* for diminished, &c. we ourselves see no necessity for deviating from the common rule. The Preface is printed in the old style, with marginal Notes, Italic, and Small Capital Characters, intermixed with Roman, which, though it be convenient for reference, does, in our opinion, take from the beauty of the printing. This is of no further importance than as such works may be supposed to influence the national taste.

We cannot take our leave of Mr. Lofft without expressing our general approbation of his labors; and we trust his work will find a place in the Libraries of our fair Readers.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNETS;

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

REVOLVING, slow, its tranquil course once more
The sabbath dawns, blest harbinger of peace;
Again it bids the lab'rer's toil be o'er,
And gives to wearied Industry release.
What mild benignity salutes the scene
Where sits Devotion, clad in simplest guise!
Till gentle evening, placid, and serene,
Faint, and more faint, in varying splendor dies.
Again from distant spire, or ivi'd tow'r,
The curfew lingers on the slumb'ring breeze,
Warning around the day's departing hour;
Closing a reign of innocence and ease.
Now sleep once more steals o'er each careless breast;
Though grandeur spurns their lot, oh! it might envy them
their rest.

'Tis night, and slumber in her downy arms,
In peaceful trance, enfolds the village train;
Sweet is that sleep, no restless care alarms
With anxious doubts, solicitude, or pain.
'Tis pillow'd here in enviable charms,
Although on couch as rugged and as rude
As nature's breast; but yet her bosom warms
The flinty rock, to him, in solitude,
Who, exil'd from the busy world, or flies
The walk, or prying eye of man, to brood
O'er disappointment's hour. Now faintly dies
The midnight's heavy clang; alone intrude
Upon the wakeful ear the rustling trees,
Or distant mastiff's bark, on ev'ry playful breeze.

J. M. B.

SONNET;

Written on the Approach of a Thunder Storm.

BY J. M. LACEY.

MARK the deep thunder's awe-inspiring sound,
 The lightnings liquid flash, terrific giv'n;
 See where the livid clouds are rang'd around,
 Clad in the seeming frowns of angry heav'n.
 The gentle breeze is hush'd that lately blew,
 The sea is smooth'd, the waves forget their pow'r,
 And yonder fish-boat's rude, uncultur'd crew,
 Hasten to shore, and shun the dreadful hour;
 For well they know the calm is treach'rous now,
 Taught by experience to expect a storm,
 To dread that soon the whirlwind's breath will blow,
 And ev'ry trace of peaceful calm deform;
 Forcing the waves, that now scarce seem to rise,
 To soar in mountain-billows to the skies!

EPIGRAM.—A CLIMENE.

Tout me fait peine,
 Et depuis un jour
 Je crois Climene
 Que j'ai de l'amour.
 Cette nouvelle
 Vous met en courroux;
 Tout beau, cruelle,
 Ce n'est pas pour vous.

IMITATED.

TO A HAUGHTY FAIR ONE.

OF late, fair Chloe, nought can please,
 My heart has lost its former ease,
 Too true I am in love;
 At this confession, I see now,
 You toss your head, and knit your brow;
 Nay, Chloe, do not move.
 Oh! 'tis not for yourself I wail,
 But tender Fanny of the dale.

LE SAGE DU MONDE.

Le sage écoute tout ; s'explique en peu de mots ;
Il interroge, et répond à propos ;
Plait toujours, sans penser à plaire ;
Dans ses moindres discours marque son jugement ;
Et sçait au juste le moment,
Qu'il doit ou parler, ou se taire.
Devant un plus sage que lui
Rarement il ouvre la bouche.
Il n'est point curieux des affaires d'autrui ;
Et ce qui le regarde est tout ce qui le touche.
Jamais à s'affliger il n'est ingénieux.
Il s'accommode aux temps, aux personnes, aux lieux ;
Ne s'allarme jamais d'une chose incertaine.
Il va par sa prudence au-devant du danger ;
Et souffre sans chagrin, sans murmure, et sans peine,
Ce qu'il ne peut ni rompre, ni changer.
Le repos de l'esprit est tout ce qu'il souhaite ;
Et s'il n'a pas beaucoup de bien,
Du peu qu'il a son âme est satisfaite ;
Et tout ce qu'il n'a pas, il le compte pour rien.

IMITATED.

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

To all the wise man gives his ear,
His answers short, precise, and clear ;
His questions fit so well the case,
They rise with unaffected grace ;
So prudent is his whole discourse,
And so replete with native force.
Prais'd for his silence, and his speech,
He marks the nicest bounds of each ;
Silent, whene'er a greater sage
Attempts the audience to engage.
Industrious in his own affairs,
To others leaves their proper cares.
With too much wit to rack his brains
With voluntary griefs and pains,

He with dexterity embraces,
 Each change of persons, times, and places.
 Steady he meets th' approaching foe,
 Yet heedless of uncertain woe ;
 The ills from which he cannot fly
 He bears without one dastard sigh ;
 His greatest happiness repose,
 Which from a tranquil bosom flows.
 Should fortune frown, she can't prevent
 The humble blessings of content :
 To what he has his view's confin'd ;
 All else to him is chaff and wind.

ON CONFERRING BENEFITS.

QUI veut faire le bien, doit le faire en secret,
 Sans intérêt, sans faste, sans regret,
 Sans le faire valoir, et sans en rien prétendre.
 Celui qui le fait promptement,
 Sans le faire long-temps attendre
 Oblige toujours doublement.
 L'espoir qu'on fait languir s'inquiete, se lasse,
 Se rebute facilement.
 Et la grace, en un mot, ne passe point pour grace,
 Quand elle vient trop lentement.

IMITATED. *

KIND smiles in secret to dispense,
 Is thy fond wish, Munificence !
 Stranger to interest and pride,
 Alone to selfish minds allied.
 No cold nor lingering delay
 Shall e'er thy ready favours stay ;
 But thy prompt hand shall soon impart
 The warm intentions of thine heart.
 Unknown to thee the sick'ning mien,
 That marks of dying hope the scene ;
 When the pale wretch, with languid sigh,
 With feeble hand, and thankless eye,
 The long protracted gift surveys,
 The fav'rite wish of earlier days.



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London Fashions for September

Published by T. W. H. Payne Sept. 25. 1846.

A TALE. IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

DRESS'D like a priest, tho' nothing less,
In a dark chapel's dark recess
Santeul sat snug, when from the quire
A lady came; who, to the friar,
Kneeling in penitence, begins
To ope her catalogue of sins:
Santeul arose with careless air,—
“ I am no priest, Oh lady fair!”—
“ No priest!” exclaim'd the lady, frighted,
“ Your fraud, good sir, shall be requited;
“ Your prior shall know this villain's trick.”
“ Ma'am,” quoth the friar, “ be not so quick,
Before you gain the prior's ear
I'll tell your husband when and where.”

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

*The Dresses invented by Mesd. Powley and Harmsworth,
New Bond-street.*

Morning Dress.—A White Crape Dress, made with full Bishop's Sleeves; the Sleeves drawn with Pink Ribands, Pink Satin Body, cut low on the bosom, and confined in the center with a broach. Hair fashionably dressed, with Bands on the forehead, and ornamented with a half Wreath of Roses; Gold Hoop Ear-rings; White Satin embroidered Shoes; White Kid Gloves.

Afternoon Dress. A White Satin Dress, with Spanish Sleeves; the Slashes of the Sleeves trimmed with rows of Beads; the back of the Dress reeded; the Waist short; Hair dressed in the Parisian style, and ornamented with a Diamond Crescent; Ear-rings and Bracelets of Diamonds; White Kid Gloves and Shoes.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are discouraged at not hearing from Mr. H. FINN; and shall be obliged to him to afford us an opportunity of addressing him by letter. If *The Child of the Battle*, in the way it has been contributed, will run through one, or more volumes of this publication, it will be necessary, in our New Series, to reprint the Letters which appeared in our last volume.

We have no doubt, that the Series of Letters, proposed by Mrs. E. T. will be acceptable to our readers.

It gives us pleasure to find, that ARGUS is satisfied with the explanation of our conduct to Mr. C.

"Home," and several other pieces, lately rejected, are too incorrect.

Since AGNES, from ill health, was constrained to withdraw her valuable correspondence; our Poetical Department has not been so well sustained;—in other words, we have not had so much assistance; several respectable Contributors appear to have been drawn in her train; but we hope, as the Summer and its pleasures recede, they will again address the favouring Muses, and consecrate their Lays to our Fair Readers.

We this month present our Subscribers with a more highly finished PORTRAIT of the DUCHESS of OLDENBURGH *gratis*; the Engraver, from misapprehension, not having allowed himself time to do justice to that contained in last Number.

Letters and Parcels for this Publication are requested to be sent (addressed to the Editor) to J. W. H. Payne's, No. 20, Warwick-square, Newgate-street; where a Letter-Box is placed, and Orders for the Work will be diligently attended to.





H.R. Cook. Sculp.

Miss Stephens.
Of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Published by T.W.H. Payne, 20 Warwick Sq. Newgate St. Oct. 1814.